Is torne from forth that prettie hollow cage,
VVhere like a sweete mellodious bird it sung,
Sweete varied notes inchaunting euerie eare.
Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide her selfe, as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.
Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more than had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a rocke,
Inuirond with a wildernes of sea,
VVho markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
VVill in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Here stands my other sonne a banisht man,
And here my brother weeping at my woes:
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne
Is deare *Lauinia*, dearer than my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doo,
Now I behold thy liuelie bodie so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martred thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, Ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,
VVhen I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her checks, as doth the honie dew,
Vpon a gathred lillie almost withered.
Marcus. Perchance shee weepes because they kild her husband,
Perchance, because shee knowes them innocent.
Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the Law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doo so fowle a deede,

VVitnes

VVitnes the sorrow tha
Gentle *Lauinia*, let me
Or make some signe ho
Shall thy good Vncle, a
And thou, and I, sit roun
Looking all downewar
How they are staind lik
VVith mierie slime lef
And in the fountaine sha
Till the fresh taste be tak
And made a brine pit wi
Or shall we cut away ou
Or shall we bite our ton
Passe the remainder of
VVhat shall we doe? Le
Plot some deuise of fur
To make vs wonderd a
Lucius. Sweete father
See how my wretched
Marcus. Patience dea
Titus. Ah *Marcus*, N
Thy napkin cannot drin
For thou poore man, ha
Lucius. Ah my *Lauini*
Titus. Marke *Marcus*
Had shee a tongue to sp
That to her Brother, w
His napking with her tr
Can doe no seruice on h
Oh what a simpathie of
As farre from helpe, as
Enter A
Moore. *Titus Andr*
Sends thee this word, th
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or th